

Highly Questionable Decisions

By: **pictureswithboxes**

Once again, an entirely self-indulgent AU where the Kiryuin's aren't completely happy, but no one's made out of life fibers.

Status: complete

Published: 2014-06-06

Updated: 2014-06-15

Words: 6604

Chapters: 3

Original source: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/1751672>

Exported with the assistance of [FicHub.net](https://fichub.net)

Highly Questionable Decisions

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

The house was silent when Satsuki arrived home from school. Ryuko was in detention and wouldn't be home for another hour, and Nui's school didn't get out until three thirty. With a sigh, Satsuki tossed her book bag onto the dining room table and pulled out her math textbook. She narrowed her eyes and got to work, her face mere inches away from her homework as she struggled to read the text.

It wasn't an unusual occurrence, in fact, Satsuki couldn't see very well normally. She had masked her lack of sight well, sitting in the very front of the classroom, not volunteering to read in front of the class, even memorizing the road maps so she could drive to and from school. Her hand flew across the paper as she hurriedly answered the questions her book presented.

"You know," Her father's voice rang through the room as he wandered in. "If you want ink on your nose, you can always ask Nui for a sharpie."

Satsuki bolted upright and looked up a Soichiro, who was sporting a good natured grin. "You're home early, Dad." She said, glancing down at her nearly finished math homework.

"Nope, right on time." Soichiro glanced at his watch, a frown forming. "Time flies when you're having fun, right?"

Satsuki rolled her eyes and grabbed her things off of the table. "Ryuko should be home in a couple minutes."

"You're not picking her up today?"

"If she wants to be a tough guy, she might as well exercise so she doesn't get beaten up."

“Someone’s being harsh.” Soichiro chuckled, leaning against the wall. “Do we need to have a talk?”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Satsuki turned her heel and made her way up the stairs.

Soichiro watched as his daughter grasped at the hand rail for a moment before actually being able to hold it. He frowned for a moment, only to turn his attention toward the door after he heard it slam. Ryuko’s trademark heavy footsteps could be heard from the living room as she stomped into the house.

“How was school?” Soichiro asked when she entered the kitchen, which was connected to the dining room, and grabbed an opened bag of chips. “I heard you had detention.”

“What else is new?” Ryuko rolled her eyes as she tossed a couple chips into her mouth.

“Have you ever tried, you know, not fighting?” Soichiro asked, his frown deepening when Ryuko put the chips down.

“Never crossed my mind.” She said, her tone dripping with sarcasm as she walked to the stairs. “I have to go check on some hornets.”

“On what?”

“Calm down, old man. I won’t get caught.”

“Hornets?” Soichiro muttered to himself, as he walked into the kitchen to get a cup of coffee.

“I’m ho-ome!” Nui’s voice rang out as she and Ragyo walked in through the back door.

“Hello, ladies.” Soichiro grinned at the two of them. “How were your days?”

“I almost got in trouble for throwing rocks at a beehive for Ryuko.” Nui replied as she skipped into the house.

“Oh.” Ragyo and Soichiro shared a glance before Soichiro mouthed ‘I’ll tell you later.’

“Why don’t you go check on your goldfish?” Ragyo suggested, crossing her arms and looking at her husband.

“Yeah, okay!” Nui nodded, running to the stairs.

“You replaced her living goldfish with a dead one, right?” Ragyo asked the moment Nui was out of earshot.

“The moment you both left for school.” Soichiro nodded, leaning against the counter.

“And the bees?” She asked, her brows furrowing.

“Ryuko has some hornets in her room.”

“Why?”

“I did not ask.”

“Why?”

“She said she wouldn’t get in trouble.”

“So we’re just letting her have hornets in her bedroom?”

“She’s probably going to do something with them.”

“And you’re curious to see what?”

“We both know she’s going to find more hornets if we make her get rid of these ones.”

“Or she’d find wasps.”

“See? We’ll ground her after it backfires and she comes home covered in bee stings.”

“Do you have the exterminators on standby?”

“I’m calling after dinner.”

“Good man.”

Satsuki sighed as she closed her history textbook. She was finally finished with all of her homework, she glanced at the clock. And it was only four thirty. With a sigh, she stood and walked across the hall to Ryuko’s bedroom. She opened the door without knocking and glanced around.

Ryuko was sitting on her bed playing her Nintendo DS, her backpack had been dumped out onto the floor. Or at least that’s what it looked like. Her desk was empty save for a sealed cardboard box with a pillow case over it.

“What is that?” Satsuki asked, glancing at the box sitting atop Ryuko’s desk.

“Box of hornets.” Ryuko replied coolly, not looking up from her Nintendo DS.

“Why?”

“That tennis bitch called me trash, so I’m gonna put a box of hornets in her car tomorrow.”

“I don’t know anything about this.” Satsuki sighed as she turned away, only to think differently and step inside the room fully.

“Yes?” Ryuko raised an eyebrow irritably.

“I have a student council meeting before school tomorrow.” Satsuki said, crossing her arms. “If you still want me to drive you, you’ll have

to get up early.”

Ryuko groaned and threw her head back. “Why do you do this to me!?” She muttered.

“Because I hate you.” Satsuki replied quickly. “Make sure you don’t leave finger prints on your bees.”

“I wear gloves when I handle the box.” Ryuko grunted, jerking her head toward a pair of rubber gloves on her nightstand. “Stole ‘em from the bio lab.”

“Where did you get the hornets?”

“You don’t know anything, remember?”

“Hypothetically,” Satsuki sighed, glancing back at the box. “If one were to acquire a box of hornets, how would one go about doing so?”

“Toss a bunch of rocks at a nest with a box waiting under it.” Ryuko replied with a haughty grin. “But one shouldn’t bring their ten year old sister along because she’d probably be a little snitch. Or keep throwing rocks at trees.”

Satsuki furrowed her brow and frowned.

“Do you ever think about your decisions and wonder why you follow through with these idiotic ideas?” Satsuki asked, ducking when Ryuko threw her DS at her. “Like that?”

“Give me my shit back!” Ryuko grunted.

“No.” Satsuki turned her heel and left.

“Fucking bitch!” Ryuko shouted at her sister’s back.

“Then Mataro had to be a wimp about things and NOT light the fireworks and I was just standing there looking like an idiot!” Ryuko finished her story, shoveling a mouthful of food into her mouth.

“... I don’t understand how this has anything to do with you getting an A on your math test.” Ragyo said after a moment of silence.

“That’s what I was doing instead of studying.”

“Why would you tell us that?” Soichiro asked, looking over to Satsuki. “Did you know about this?”

“I try to distance myself from everything the beast does.” Satsuki replied with a frown as she stood. “I’m finished.”

“Can you put my steak in a bag for me?” Nui asked as Satsuki took her plate into the kitchen. “I’m going to give it to my dog when mom and dad give me one.”

“No.” Satsuki shook her head.

“Honey, I don’t think a dog would want refrigerated steak.” Ragyo sighed, looking at Soichiro pointedly. “And are you sure that your goldfish is even alive, still?”

“Well, I checked on her today, and she was alive.” Nui shrugged, looking at Ryuko. “Do you think my dog would want steak?”

“I think your dog would want you to shut up.”

“Mom!” Nui whined, looking to Ragyo.

“Ryuko, be nice to your sister.” Soichiro sighed, watching as Satsuki walked toward the stairs. “Hey, Sats! Can you do me a favor?”

“What do you need?” Satsuki furrowed her brow and looked at her father.

“Can you tell me what I have planned on the calendar for Monday?”

Satsuki nodded and looked toward the calendar on the other side of the room. Her eyes narrowed and she frowned when she had to take a few steps forward. Then a few steps more. Ryuko turned her head slightly and read the calendar by herself before frowning at her older sister, who was now closer than she was.

“Dude, you need glasses.” She announced, making Nui giggle.

“Don’t be stupid.” Satsuki rolled her eyes, leaning forward slightly.

“I made an appointment with the optometrist today.” Ragyo sighed, glancing at Satsuki. “It’s tomorrow after school. You’re going no matter what.”

Satsuki glared at her mother but said nothing.

“It’ll be easier to judge me if you can tell what direction to glare in.” Ryuko grinned, making Satsuki turn her glare into her direction. “I’m just saying.”

“It’ll be much easier to see your stink fumes.” Satsuki grunted, turning her heel and walking away.

“I don’t smell that bad.” Ryuko muttered to herself.

“Deodorant never hurt anyone.” Nui replied, making Ryuko glare. “Except that time I licked it...”

“Nui, don’t lick hygiene products.” Soichiro sighed, shaking his head.

“It was one time!” Nui looked at Ryuko, pointing an accusatory finger. “She made me!”

“Wow.” Ryuko stood up and turned to leave the room. “Wow.”

“I can see just fine, Mother.” Satsuki muttered, crossing her arms.

Ragyo just gave her eldest daughter a withering look. Satsuki glared back at her, her lip curling slightly as they pulled into the parking lot. Not sparing her daughter another glance, Ragyo climbed out of the car, hitting the roof to signal Satsuki to get out.

“You’ll thank me later.” Ragyo sighed as Satsuki stomped into the office.

“Just like Ryuko thanked you for the braces?”

“She would have been more thankful if she hadn’t tried to rip out her braces with pliers.”

Satsuki tried to hold back her chuckle but failed.

“Now, can we please get your eyes checked?” Ragyo sighed, clapping Satsuki on the shoulder.

Satsuki scowled, shrugging off her hand and walking up to the counter.

“You look like a nerd.” Ryuko grinned, pointing at Satsuki’s thick framed glasses. “... Okay, a bigger nerd than usual.”

Satsuki didn’t listen to her sister as she continued to glance around the living room. “Is this how you see usually?” She mumbled to herself. “Ryuko, you’re actually very beautiful.”

“Fuck you.” Ryuko grumbled, changing the station on the TV.

“I’m sorry?” Satsuki looked over at Ryuko with a frown. “Did I say something to offend you?”

“So, like, did you just see blurry blobs or something?” Ryuko asked, sitting up slightly.

“It’s hard to explain.” Satsuki sat down on the sofa, looking out the window. “But I never really knew that there were actually leaves on

the trees. It always just looked like one singular mass.”

“Weird.”

“I wonder what my friends actually look like.”

“You’ll just turn around and walk away tomorrow. They’re ugly as hell.”

“I doubt that.” Satsuki leaned back and glanced at Ryuko.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Ryuko makes Satsuki help her plant her box of hornets. Satsuki can see clearly now, her mild form of blindness is gone. Nonon's dad is a bad dad.

"How quickly would your hand get shredded if you got it stuck in a garbage disposal?" Ryuko asked, tapping on the dashboard of Satsuki's car.

Satsuki just gave her sister a withering look before turning back to the road. It was five in the morning, and Ryuko had somehow convinced Satsuki to drive her to the school before the tennis team had their early morning practice, so Ryuko could lie in wait with her box of hornets. Ryuko groaned and moved to change the radio station, only for Satsuki's hand to shoot out and smack Ryuko away.

"Come on!" Ryuko grumbled, crossing her arms. "I don't wanna listen to your stupid alternative music!" She paused for a moment. "And don't even think about turning on a stupid talk show! I know you couldn't see back then, but you don't need to have someone read your newspaper for you anymore."

"You're making me drive you to the school at five in the morning with a box of hornets in my trunk." Satsuki replied after a moment of silence. "You can listen to my stupid alternative music for ten minutes."

"Oh, thanks for that, by the way." Ryuko muttered, turning to glare out the window. "I really appreciate you not making me walk with the box all the way to school."

“Now I’m an accomplice.” Satsuki sighed to herself as she pulled into the parking lot. “An accessory to the crime. How far have I fallen?”

“Not too far, considering the fact that you blew up a classroom in middle school.” Ryuko replied, hopping out of the car.

“That wasn’t even me.” Satsuki said as she reached around to the back seat to pull out a book. “Tell me when you’re done, we can grab breakfast after.”

Ryuko offered Satsuki a thumbs up as she walked away with her box, shaking it as she went.

Satsuki couldn’t help a small smirk from forming when she heard loud screaming coming from the other side of the parking lot thirty minutes later. Almost a minute later, she saw Ryuko sprinting to the car, a large shit eating grin on her face as she jumped into the car. Satsuki wiped the smirk off her face and gave Ryuko a small glare.

“Bitch’ll think twice before she decides to call me trash again.” Ryuko explained, buckling her seatbelt. “... I hope she’s not allergic...”

“You didn’t look into this kind of thing before you got a box of hornets?” Satsuki grumbled, putting the car into drive and pulling out of the parking lot.

“I didn’t realize that it was my job to make my box of hornets safe.” Ryuko rolled her eyes, leaning her head against the window. “Now take me to McDonald’s.”

“You’re very demanding for someone who owes me a thousand favors.” Satsuki said, not taking her eyes off the road.

“I don’t owe you shit.” Ryuko grunted, punching Satsuki in the arm. “Remember the Xiao-Long fire?”

Satsuki stiffened and tightened her grip on the steering wheel. "I had nothing to do with that, and according to the police it was a vandal with too much time on their hands."

"Asshole." Ryuko muttered, crossing her arms and glaring out the window. "Getting the pigs on your side."

"You're the asshole." Satsuki said, turning into the IHOP parking lot.
"You just put a box of hornets in someone's car!"

"I want some pancakes." Ryuko said, climbing out of the car. "You're buying!"

"Of course I am."

Satsuki sat in the student council room during her free period, waiting for the other four members. It would be the first time she'd seen her four friends clearly in her time knowing them, and Satsuki would be lying to herself if she said she wasn't anxious. She was, however; confused as to why there were so many stuffed animals in the room. She'd always thought they were cushions.

"I like the new look." Uzu said as he swaggered in, his hands stuffed in his pockets with a smug look on his face. "Very sexy librarian chic."

"Shut up, Uzu." Satsuki muttered, getting a good look at her friend.
"You're very handsome, by the way." She said after some thought.
"You have a nice jaw."

"... So do you..." Uzu furrowed his brow and sat down in his seat.
"Are you flirting with me? Is that what you're doing?"

"No." Satsuki shook her head. "Just pointing out a fact. It's nice to see you."

“How bad is your vision exactly?” Uzu asked, looking mildly interested. “I mean, it doesn’t take that great of eyes to see how hot I am.”

“I didn’t realize that the leaves weren’t a single mass atop the trees.”

“Wow.” Uzu chuckled. “I have twenty-twenty.”

“You also have a three-two GPA.” Houka said as he walked in, his nose buried in his smartphone. “Those glasses suit you, Satsuki.”

“Thank you, Houka.” Satsuki nodded, frowning at her friend. “Have you always worn glasses?”

“Yes.” Houka replied curtly as he sat down.

“Hello, Satsuki.” Ira greeted, stepping into the room and pausing. “Have you been driving without the use of your vision?”

“... Yes.” Satsuki furrowed her brow. “Though to be fair, I had no idea that I didn’t see exactly like everyone else.”

Ira grunted and crossed his arms. “Where’s Jakuzure? Our meeting is going to start in two minutes.”

“She has a math test today.” Houka said, tapping at his phone. “She takes all the time she can get.”

“It’s not my fault math was created by fuckwads who wanted to make me suffer.” Nonon snapped, entering the room. “Wanna know some bullshit? Calculus. The whole class. It’s bullshit. Shit from a bull. I say we start a campaign to get rid of it.”

“Aren’t you in the same class as Ryuko?” Uzu asked, laughing when Nonon stiffened. “I mean if she can get it right, wouldn’t you-“

“Okay, she’s like Rain Man or something!” Nonon growled, flopping onto her chair. “Asshole doesn’t know shit about anything else!” Nonon cast Satsuki a glance. “... Your sister’s a fucking moron.”

“I know.” Satsuki nodded, glancing at Nonon. “You should have been here this morning-“

Her cheeks went slightly pink and her eyes widened a fraction when she finally saw Nonon clearly. Never in her life did she think that Nonon would be *that* attractive. Satsuki felt her mouth go dry and her jaw go slightly slack. Just as the other four began to give her questioning looks, Satsuki cleared her throat and pushed her glasses up on her nose.

“What did she do?” Uzu asked, sharing a glance with Houka.

“She made me wake up at four-thirty this morning just to help her prank someone.” Satsuki rolled her eyes.

“How bad was it?” Houka asked, looking mildly interested. “On a scale between goldfish in the water bottle and putting fireworks in all the seniors’ lockers?”

“It only harmed one person.” Satsuki replied, licking her lips and glancing back at Nonon. “How was your test?”

“Ass.” Nonon growled, crossing her arms and tossing her head back. “Nice glasses, by the way. It really makes sense now, remember that one time you walked head first into the tetherball pole?”

“Or when you didn’t realize that the glass door was closed.” Uzu laughed, throwing his head back and ignoring Satsuki’s glare. “You couldn’t tell the difference between a rabbit and a puppy.”

“It was far away.” Satsuki muttered, looking away as her cheeks turned dark. “And night. Anyone could have made that mistake.”

Ryuko sighed and put her head down when her History teacher started talking, Mako was already snoozing in her seat, leaving Ryuko alone to hear about whatever wars they were talking about. It might have been World War II, but Ryuko wasn’t paying much

attention enough to care. Besides, she was too busy planning her next attack on her enemies.

"If I skip the fire, then maybe I'll be able to destroy that weird statue in the school courtyard." She muttered to herself, tapping her pencil against her desk as she wrote down her plans. "But then I won't be able to pick up those fireworks from Mataro... Unless..." Ryuko paused, glancing at Mako. "Nah, she can't hold fireworks... Not after last time."

With a frustrated groan, Ryuko went back to her timetable. Usually she could get Satsuki to help her with these things, but her sister had made it perfectly clear that she wouldn't be aiding Ryuko in any of her 'idiotic antics.' Ryuko glanced up at her teacher, who was pointing something out on a map of Europe.

"I could always postpone the mailbox thing for Thursday..." She murmured, crossing out a couple things on her list. "By then, Sats should stop being so self-righteous and give me a lift."

"Kiryuin." The teacher called, making Ryuko's head snap up. "You seem to be a little confused, do you have a question?"

"No, sir." Ryuko shrugged, offering the man a small grin. "I was just really pissed off, ya know? Why does Germany always have to be such an asshole?"

"Please refrain from using that kind of language, Kiryuin." The teacher sighed, moving over to his notepad. "I don't want to give you a demerit."

"Sorry, sir." Ryuko replied, leaning back in her seat. "I don't want one either, my sister would flay me alive."

Ryuko stormed up to Satsuki's table at lunch, slamming a piece of paper down in front of her. Satsuki and her friends looked up, their faces ranging from mild irritation to fury, though Ira shouldn't really

count. Satsuki furrowed her brow and looked up at Ryuko, her lips turning downward.

“What is this?” She asked, picking up the sheet of paper. “You got a C on your essay.”

“Yeah!” Ryuko grinned, sitting beside her sister. “You said that this essay deserved a D, but look! Look at that Grade! Is that a D? No! It’s a C! I’m putting this on the fridge!”

“I guess I’m a harsher than some of the teachers at this school.” Satsuki replied, glancing at the paper.

“You’re such a shithead!” Ryuko grabbed her essay and rolled it into a cylinder before hitting Satsuki over the head with it. “I got a good grade, and you don’t even care!”

“Hey asshole,” Nonon sighed, casting Ryuko an irritated glare. “Don’t you have a lunch detention to get to?”

“No, I’ve been a good girl.” Ryuko snapped, turning to look at Nonon. “And that means I’m gonna spend the whole period with you!”

“Don’t you have another underachiever friend to hang out with?” Houka sighed, looking up from his cellphone for a moment.

“Nah, she has B lunch.” Ryuko muttered, slumping in her seat. “So, what’s up with you kids?”

“We were having a good day until you showed up.” Nonon growled, flicking a straw wrapper at Uzu.

“Hey, Ryuko.” Uzu said, leaning forward. “You get your mini bike back yet? I think it’s about time for a race.”

“Mom sent it to the junk yard after I ‘almost died.’” Ryuko grunted, crossing her arms and glaring at Satsuki. “Snitch.”

“You tried to drive it to-“

“Okay!” Ryuko threw her hands up. “Let’s not drop any bombs with your roid rage friend around, okay?”

“You already dropped bombs.” Satsuki sighed, glancing around the room. “You had Houka and I make them.”

“YOU MADE BOMBS!?!?” Ira shouted, standing up and looming over the rest of the table. “THAT’S HIGHLY ILLEGAL!”

“Will you shut your mouth!?” Nonon snapped, glaring up at her friend. “Dammit, Froggy! You want to get your friends in trouble.”

“I’m pretty sure there’s a statute of limitations on that sort of thing.” Ryuko muttered. “Or at least there is when Mom’s involved. She can’t get mad about shit from three months ago. It’s like a law.”

“It’s because everything you do piles up and Mom can’t handle it all at once.” Satsuki said, rolling her eyes.

“You do bad shit, too!”

“I don’t get caught.”

“You threatened to fight the mayor!”

“You would totally beat the mayor in a fight.” Uzu said, leaning forward. “He’s like eighty! I didn’t vote for him.”

“None of us did.” Houka grumbled, crossing his arms. “We’re not old enough to vote.”

“Well, I super didn’t vote for him.” Uzu replied. “We should totally fight the mayor, then the vice mayor would take over. She’s pretty awesome.”

“There’s no such thing as a vice mayor.” Ira sighed, rubbing his temples. “There’s a deputy-“

“No one cares, Roid Rage.” Ryuko said, cracking her knuckles. “Do you guys really think it’d be okay to beat up the mayor? Isn’t there a law?”

“IT’S CALLED ASSAULT!” Ira shouted, slamming his fist on the table.

“Wow, these idiots are really wondering about beating up the mayor.” Nonon grumbled, elbowing Satsuki gently while the others continued to talk about their chances of beating up public officials. “... I bet he has guards and shit...”

Satsuki nodded, swallowing the lump in her throat. “I’m sure he does.”

“Hey, what crawled up your ass?” Nonon furrowed her brow. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” Satsuki replied, her cheeks turning slightly pink. “It’s just weird... seeing, that is. Apples aren’t just red blobs, they actually have a shape. I never realized that.” Satsuki paused for a moment. “I finally understand all Ryuko’s comments about my eyebrows.”

“Well, I think calling Caterpillar Brows was a little much, but yeah.” Nonon shrugged, taking a sip of her soda. “You look good, though.”

“Thanks.” Satsuki sighed, running her fingers through her hair.
“You’re very beautiful, by the way. I like your hair.”

Nonon smiled, casting a glance toward the others. “Oi, Monkey Boy! Don’t throw shit!”

Uzu dropped the apple that he was going to throw at Ira with a huff.
“I wasn’t going to throw it.”

“I’m leaving.” Satsuki said, standing up and grabbing her trash. “See you at home.” She said to Ryuko.

“Actually, I don’t have detention today.” Ryuko replied, punching Satsuki’s shoulder as she stood. “I’ll meet you at your locker after classes.”

“So anyway,” Ryuko sighed, throwing herself onto the locker beside Satsuki’s. “I have to write another dumbass essay about what I believe in! I’ll write it about Santa Clause, or barbecue sauce. I believe in barbecue sauce. It exists!”

“Honestly?” Satsuki rolled her eyes and grabbed her keys. “This is exactly the kind of essay you need. No rules, no word minimum, no guidance. Just write what you believe in... I’ll still check it for mistakes if you need me to.”

“Thanks.” Ryuko grunted, stretching her arms as she walked down the hall. “Maybe I’ll write about resolve...” She paused, giving Satsuki a cocky grin. “Or do you have that one covered?”

“I wrote mine about resolve, yes.” Satsuki replied, shoving Ryuko lightly when the younger girl stopped walking. “No, you cannot steal my old essay, your teacher will remember.”

“What? Did he put the damn essay on his mini fridge that he keeps under his desk?”

“No, he saved it to show the others. My name was blocked out.”

“This is what happens when you have a dumb genius sister!” Ryuko exclaimed, hitting the roof of Satsuki’s car. “All anyone ever says is ‘Oh Ryuko, look what your sister wrote!’ and ‘Why can’t you do things like she does?’ and ‘Satsuki’s shit smells like ice cream!’”

“I can attest to the last one.” Satsuki said, climbing into her car. “Now will you please be a grown up and get in the damn car?”

“Ooh, big sis swore!” Ryuko threw her hands up as she hopped in the front seat. “I’m telling Mommy on you. Maybe she’ll wash your

mouth out with soap.”

“I hate you.” Satsuki sighed, when her phone rang. “Put it on speaker, I want to get home.”

“Oh shit, big sis is breaking all the rules!” Ryuko smirked, grabbing Satsuki’s phone. “What will our parents say when they visit you in the big house?” She pressed the answer button. “Why hello there, Mom. You’ll never guess what Sats said...”

“I’m sure she swore, honey, but remember that one time you almost called Nui the c-word in front of Grandma?” Ragyo sighed with a chuckle. “I called for a reason, is Satsuki there?”

“Yes, Mother.” Satsuki sighed, pulling out of the parking lot. “What do you need?”

“Your friend Nonon will be staying with us for a while.” Ragyo said, making Satsuki blush and Ryuko groan.

“Why!?” Ryuko whined, tapping on the car door irritably. “I don’t want the little troll to sleep in my house!”

“Her father got drunk last night and tried to drive to Washington DC on a street sweeper.” Ragyo sighed, making a disappointed noise when Ryuko snorted. “He actually got pretty far, so Nonon’s going to be staying over until he gets home. He estimated three days, so the weekend at least.”

“Why a street sweeper?” Satsuki mumbled to herself as she made a left turn. “It doesn’t seem like a very efficient way to get to Washington.”

“Nonon will be over in a couple hours.” Ragyo said, her voice taking a pleasant tone. “I’ll see you when I get home.”

“Alright.” Satsuki replied, motioning for Ryuko to hang up.

“No way, ass hat.” Ryuko snapped, bringing Satsuki’s phone close to her mouth. “Bye-bye, Mommy.”

“Don’t ever say that in my car.” Satsuki grumbled, smacking Ryuko upside the head. “Goodbye, Mother.”

Ryuko ended the call and grinned at her sister. “Well, I know what I’m doing this weekend.”

“Aside from washing my car as a thank you for chauffeuring your hornets?”

Ryuko rolled her eyes and scowled. “Nah, I was gonna mess with your little gremlin this weekend!”

“You can walk to school from now on, if you’d like.”

“Then I should savor this weekend, huh?” Ryuko leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes.

Satsuki smirked and violently slammed her foot on the brake, making Ryuko fly forward.

“What the fuck!”

“Don’t be a nuisance.”

Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Nonon's over for the weekend. Nui's goldfish is dead. Ryuko doesn't understand how the economy works. Satsuki is a dweeb.

"Mo-om!" Nui whined from the sofa. "Make Satsuki and Ryuko put some clothes on!"

Ryuko and Nui sat on the living room sofa, watching reruns of some sitcom that wasn't really all that funny, while Satsuki and Nonon sat at the dining room table, each with a bowl of cereal in front of them. Both Ryuko and Satsuki had decided against wearing shirts that day, in exchange for just sports bras and basketball shorts. Ryuko grunted and kicked Nui in the shoulder before grabbing the remote.

"Nui, it's the weekend." Ragyo sighed as she put on her jacket. "Let them sit around half naked if they want to."

"Thanks, Mom." Ryuko rolled her eyes as she flicked through the channels on the TV. "I sure love being told that I'm allowed to wear what I want."

"Your father will be home by six." Ragyo said, taking a sip from her coffee mug. "I won't be home until later." She paused to give Ryuko a meaningful look. "If anything is broken, I will assume it's your fault."

"That's not fair!" Ryuko muttered, her head snapping up to glare at her mother.

"Satsuki, make sure that Nui doesn't wither away." Ragyo continued as if she didn't hear Ryuko. "No mindless destruction of public or private property, no pretending to be public officials," She gave

Satsuki a glare. “No calling Nicaragua, no adopting rabid animals, no pooping mailboxes... No waste of any kind in mailboxes.”

“That was one time!” Ryuko groaned, casting a glance toward Satsuki. “Son of a... biscuit groped my sister’s ass! I had to do something!”

“How do you even get poop into a mailbox?” Ragyo sighed, putting her mug in the sink and continuing toward the door.

“Plastic wrap and grandma’s weird bran cereal.” Satsuki muttered, glancing when Nonon snorted into her cereal.

“You told her how to do it?” Nonon whispered, watching as Ragyo continued to list off things they were not allowed to do.

“She asked me how someone would hypothetically get their fecal matter into a mailbox.” Satsuki shrugged, taking a bite of cereal. “I have to say, it was definitely a challenge.”

“And absolutely no sneaking into the morgue and touching cadavers!” Ragyo finished as she stepped out the door, only to open it and poke her head into the house. “No digging up corpses of any dead things to prove to Nui that they’re actually dead! Grandpa and Professor Ratigan are dead!”

“He really was the world’s greatest mouse.” Nui sighed, slapping Ryuko’s thigh when they came to a cartoon. “Keep it here!”

“No way, runt!” Ryuko snapped, continuing the channel surf. “Besides, I’m looking for something important.”

“No one wants to watch reruns of America’s Next Top Model!” Nui shouted, punching Ryuko’s leg.

“Well I do!” Ryuko cast Satsuki a look. “And Satsugay doesn’t mind either.”

“I’m not afraid to break your legs.” Satsuki replied, standing up and stretching before bringing her bowl to the sink. “Mom didn’t say anything about not hurting you.”

“She said not to wrap me in bubble wrap and push me off the roof!” Nui piped up, frowning when Ryuko kicked her. “Stop it!”

“Don’t you have a goldfish to feed?” Ryuko rolled her eyes.

“Sally died last night.” Nui frowned, her lower lip jutting out. “Now I won’t get a dog.”

“You were never getting a dog.” Satsuki sighed, hopping onto the counter top. “Dad’s terrified of them.”

“And Sats is allergic.” Ryuko added, tossing Nui the remote and rolling off the sofa.

“Now I can’t have a dog OR peanut butter?!” Nui exclaimed, glaring at her oldest sister. “No fair!”

Satsuki merely raised an eyebrow at Nui before turning to Nonon. “You have a dog, and I haven’t died yet.”

“My dog’s a piece of shit.” Nonon replied, leaning back in her seat. “Mom got him in the divorce, though.”

“So what, there was a huge custody battle?” Ryuko sneered, walking into the kitchen and grabbing a box of cereal. “I bet the loser got you and the winner got the dog.”

“What would you know, you god damn trash baby!” Nonon snapped, glaring as Ryuko stuffed her hand in the cereal box.

“What are you doing?” Satsuki asked, giving her sister an irritated look.

“I’m eating.” Ryuko said, taking a drink of milk straight from the carton.

“I hate everything about you.” Nonon muttered, resting her head in her hands. “Why does my dad have to suck so badly?”

“What if we turfed the high school?” Ryuko suggested as she tossed on a shirt.

“Not with my car.” Satsuki sighed, glancing out the kitchen window.

“You did donuts on the tennis courts two weeks ago!” Ryuko exclaimed, throwing her hands in the air.

“You can’t prove that.” Satsuki replied calmly, crossing her arms.

“I was there!”

“You’re also a delinquent!” Nonon sneered, flinging a hair tie at the younger girl. “No one will take your word over the student council president’s.”

“I am reliable.” Satsuki nodded, her brow furrowing. “It’s raining.”

“What the fuck.” Ryuko growled, shoving Satsuki out of the way to look out the window. “No way! Why do bad things happen to good people!? I pay taxes! I deserve good weather!”

“You don’t pay taxes.” Nonon sighed, rolling her eyes as lightning struck.

“I’m a dependent! Mom and dad get tax breaks because of me!” Ryuko snapped back.

“Do you have any idea how much money our parents spend on you alone?” Satsuki asked, her voice dripping with venom. “Just because they get a tax break, doesn’t mean there’s a surplus. In fact, there’s a deficit.”

“You ruin everything.” Ryuko muttered, her frown deepening when the thunder roared. “I bet you planned this!”

“Yes, Ryuko.” Satsuki rolled her eyes. “I can control the weather.”

Before Ryuko was able to reply, another bolt of lightning struck, followed by the flickering of lights. The house was immersed in darkness, punctuated by Nui’s shrill shriek from the living room. The three in the kitchen immediately jumped, only to let out irritated groans.

“The power’s out.” Ryuko muttered, glancing at the lights above her.

“Thank you, Captain Obvious.” Nonon grumbled, watching as Satsuki stumbled into the living room and gently slapped the back of Nui’s head.

“Don’t make unnecessary noise.” She said, turning to Ryuko. “Go get some flashlights from your bedroom.”

“Why my room?” Ryuko grumbled, stomping up the stairs anyway.

“Because you have flashlights duct taped to your wall.” Satsuki snapped, turning to Nonon. “I can’t see anything.”

“Then you should feel nostalgic.” Nonon replied, grinning cheekily.

With a sigh, Satsuki pulled out her cellphone and used the glowing screen as a flashlight to lead her and Nui back into the kitchen. Handing Nui her phone, Satsuki looked at Nonon just in time to jump when thunder roared again. Nonon opened her mouth to tease her friend, only to jump out of the way when a flashlight flew through the air, narrowly missing her head.

“Holy shit!” Nonon shouted, grabbing the flashlight off the counter and shining it at the stairs. “Ryuko, you fucking piece of trash! Why the fuck would you do that?!”

“Those were a lot of bad words...” Nui mumbled, only to get elbowed by Satsuki. “Ow!”

“Shut up.” Ryuko grumbled, tossing her sister a flashlight and hopping onto the counter. “They’ve got fresh batteries, by the way.”

“Awesome.” Satsuki rolled her eyes and handed Nui her flashlight in exchange for her cellphone. “What do we do now?”

“Mud wrestling?” Ryuko suggested.

“Nothing about that sounds appealing.” Satsuki crinkled her nose.

“I never understood why dudes dig that shit.” Nonon said, fiddling with her flashlight. “What’s so sexy about mud? Nothing. Nothing is sexy about mud.”

“Why don’t we play *Monopoly*?” Nui asked, grinning when the others looked at each other.

Ryuko roared furiously as she flipped the board over. Satsuki had just managed to bankrupt her, effectively winning the game. With a smirk, Satsuki tossed a flashlight into the air, hitting Ryuko in the back of the head.

“Fucking hell!” Ryuko shouted, her limbs flailing as she stepped on one of the game pieces. “Fuck life!”

“She’s such a freak.” Nonon whispered to Satsuki. “You’re like twenty times cooler. How are you related?”

“I’m convinced I’m adopted.” Satsuki replied, her cheeks turning slightly pink.

“Yeah, your mom just picked a random baby who would grow up to be identical to her.”

“It’s called science.”

Just as Nonon was about to reply, the lights flickered back on. Nui let out an excited yell when the TV started playing again and ran from

the kitchen table to grab the remote before Ryuko could. Satsuki flicked off her flashlight and grinned at Nonon.

“Today’s been eventful, hasn’t it?” She sighed, leaning back in her seat.

“Oh definitely.” Nonon replied, casting a glance toward Ryuko, who was picking up the game pieces and cursing under her breath.

“Thanks for going easy on me, by the way. It’s awesome to be able to play half the game.”

“You beat Nui, at least.”

“I can’t believe you had to explain the economy to Ryuko.”

“Shut up!” Ryuko snapped, throwing a hotel at Satsuki’s head. “I haven’t take econ yet!”

“That doesn’t mean you can’t know that money can be exchanged for goods and services.” Satsuki grunted, narrowly dodging another game piece.

“I want pizza.” Nui called from the living room.

“Shit in one hand, want in the other.” Ryuko said, tossing the pieces into the box and closing it. “Which hand’ll fill up faster?”

“Is that how you pooped in that guy’s mailbox?” Nui asked.

“No, ew. Go pet your goldfish.”

“I can’t! Sally is dead!”

“Doesn’t mean you can’t pet it!”

“I’m not petting my dead goldfish!”

“Can I light it on fire, then?”

“NO!”

Satsuki snorted and turned to Nonon, lowering her voice. “Mom gave me fifty dollars to slowly add chemicals to the fish bowl.”

“Your mom really doesn’t want a dog, huh?” Nonon replied, letting out a low whistle.

“Why do we need a dog when we have Ryuko?”

Nonon laughed loudly, throwing her head back. Satsuki watched her, licking her lips and turning slightly pink. Her mind went blank for a moment, her body seemed to move without her permission. Satsuki leaned in toward Nonon, her face inches away from Nonon’s. Satsuki’s eyes widened at the proximity and jerked her head back, the momentum causing her to fall out of her seat and land on the floor with a loud thud.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Nonon asked, furrowing her brow as the other two laughed at their older sister.

“I don’t know...”